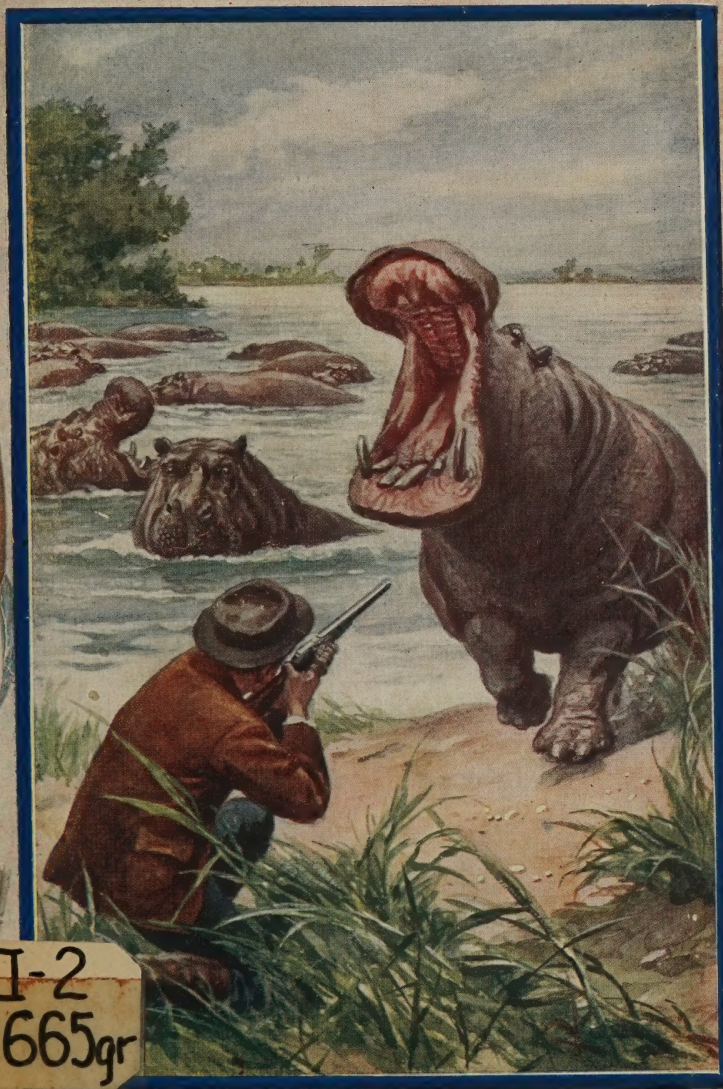
ARNOT OF AFRICA



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A NARROW ESCAPE

When paddling under a bank a puff-adder launched itself at Arnot, but one of the boatmen hurled his spear at the reptile and pinned it to the ground. (*See p.* 15).

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ARNOT OF AFRICA

A FEARLESS PIONEER, A ZEALOUS MISSIONARY
& A TRUE KNIGHT OF THE CROSS

BY

NIGEL B. M. GRAHAME, B.A.

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"BISHOP BOMPAS OF THE FROZEN NORTH"
&c. &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
1926

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.
1925

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A Narrow Escape . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Saving the Larder 39

A Strange Ceremony 51

A Surprised Porter 57

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The contents of this volume have been in the main drawn from "Arnot, a Knight of Africa," by the Rev. Ernest Baker, author of "The Life and Explorations of F. S. Arnot."

ARNOT OF AFRICA

CHAPTER I

ONE of the greatest and bravest travellers of modern times was Frederick Stanley Arnot. He ventured into Central Africa in the days before railways ran inland, before strong European governments took charge of the various countries, when the great black nations were constantly at war, and when white men would only go exploring when accompanied with large armed forces with which to beat down opposition. In those days Arnot went alone and unarmed, except for the purposes of shooting game and defending himself against the attacks of wild beasts. He had no Society at his back. He had but little money and was unable to take those things that make travelling easy. He learned the languages of the natives as he proceeded, faced great native chiefs who were noted for their cruelty and ferocity, and won his way into the hearts of great and small. For seven years he explored and worked without white companions on his journeys. This was a period crowded with adventure ; dangers from savages, wild beasts, serpents, fevers, storms, desert journeys and hunger, facing him all the while. He came out of it, having succeeded in discovering what he went to find.

He went back to Central Africa eight times after this, making nine journeys in all. Without reckoning the tens of thousands of miles that he had to travel on the ocean to get to Africa and back, without counting the journeys around the coast from port to port, and without including the long distances he was able to go in the latter part of his life by train

over the railways that had then been built, it is estimated that he covered 29,000 miles in all, on foot, in hammocks, on the backs of donkeys or oxen, or in canoes. This is a record that has probably never been surpassed in Africa, and it is doubtful if many have equalled it in other parts of the world.

Arnot was 23 years of age when he started for Africa. He went on his own responsibility.

He travelled to Africa with a young man who purposed to be his companion and helper, but, on reaching Durban in August, 1881, this friend took ill, and was told by a doctor that he was physically unfit for the journey to the interior. So Arnot had to proceed alone.

At that time the railway only went as far as Pietermaritzburg, about 70 miles inland. To this town Arnot proceeded to make arrangements for further progress. Here he had the first of the many marvellous escapes that he was to have in Africa. He was on his way to a meeting when a tremendous thunderstorm came on. An electric ball fell just at his feet, and the stones and dust kicked up by its contact with the ground flew all around him. The shock passed through his whole body. Those who saw the ball of fire fall said it seemed to come right down where he stood, and that the noise made by it, when it struck the ground, was like the crash of a cannon ball. He was none the worse, however, for the adventure, and was able to speak to the gathering assembled to hear him.

At Maritzburg Arnot made arrangements with a transport rider, who was taking a number of waggons to Potchefstroom in the Transvaal, to allow him to travel so far with him. Each waggon had a span of from 16 to 20 oxen. Arnot said it looked stupid to see so many oxen drawing one waggon over the level roads in a town, but when one saw them out in the country dragging it through a quagmire, with great boulders of stone hidden in the mud every few yards, and then up a tremendously steep hill, one wondered how they managed to get along at all. Sometimes the oxen of three or four waggons (40 to 60

in number) would have to be inspanned together to get one waggon up an unusually steep hill or out of some river bed.

Whilst visiting the neighbouring town of Klerksdorp he met the famous lion-hunter, Mr. F. C. Selous. This gentleman was making arrangements to go to Shoshong, the capital of the Bamangwato in Bechuanaland, under the rule of the great chief Khama. When he found that Arnot wanted to reach the same place, he gave him a hearty invitation to travel with him. This was joyfully accepted. Upon returning to Potchefstroom to gather up his belongings, Arnot found that the woman who did his washing had left with all that he had entrusted to her, and also that the Hollander who had given him permission to graze his mule on his ground had ridden off with it to Kimberley.

A long-continued drought in these parts compelled the travellers to remain for a fortnight on the banks of the Limpopo River for the sake of water for the oxen, and whilst here their waggon was daily visited by bushmen.

Heavy rains having fallen, the journey across the dry desert lying between the Limpopo and Shoshong was crossed, and the latter place reached on March 11th, 1882, after thirty-six days' travelling from Potchefstroom.

Arnot stayed in Shoshong for three months, and had in that time a wonderful and encouraging object lesson of the power of the Gospel over an African chief. Shoshong was then the capital of the Bamangwato, and Khama had been in power for ten years, long enough to demonstrate what a Christian ruler, with autocratic power, could do for his people. No other South African chief has ever attempted one half of what Khama had done for those under his rule.

CHAPTER II

On June 8th, 1882, Arnot left Khama's capital for the Zambezi. The chief arranged for him to leave in the company of a party, which, under the charge of his leading hunter, he was sending across the Kalahari desert to the Mababi, a people living on its northern edge. This hunter's name was Tinka, and he was a man who knew every inch of the desert route.

The greatest danger of the desert journey was due, of course, to the lack of water. And the month of June comes in the midst of the dry season in the greater part of South Africa. The water holes and pans were drying up. Scouts had to be sent out to search for water, and frequently these would return with the report that there was only sufficient for half the oxen. Once, after travelling forty hours from the last water, they reached a well, only to find it almost dry. The oxen had then been three days without water, and as there was only enough for the men, the oxen and donkeys had to go another half a day before getting a drink. Arnot said they always seemed to be on the brink of disaster. The wells were few and far between, and many of them so deep that to water a span of oxen was no light task. The men had to climb up and down with pails of water.

More than once the travellers owed their lives to the bushmen. These wild men appeared to Arnot to be in a very degenerate condition, but their faculties and senses were sharpened to a remarkable degree. As they move about they allow nothing to escape their notice. They " read " the path, and can tell, not only the name of an animal that has crossed it during the night, but the time of night it happened to pass. They seem to know instinctively where water is likely to be found. At one stage of their journey the bushmen told them that they would not find water in any wells or pans for ten days. Water barrels were therefore cleaned and filled at the

Botletle River, which they crossed about half-way through the desert. Beyond this the sand proved unusually heavy. The dry air and blistering sun seemed as if it would make their skin like that of Egyptian mummies. The water gave out before the ten days were up. The cattle were six days without anything to drink, "the longest time," Arnot says, "that they have been known to live without water." Almost unexpectedly they came upon a little pan of surface water, which the donkeys and oxen emptied. But for that the animals would have been lost. And but for the bushmen the people themselves would not have got through.

Another danger to which the travellers were exposed in this journey was that of wild beasts. This danger was principally incurred through travelling by night. And as water was scarce, they were compelled so to travel. If a party keep well together and do not scatter, the danger is small, as a lion will not attack a company. When they did camp at night the natives would cut down a lot of thorn bushes, and make with them a thick fence, called a "scherm." Two large fires would be placed at the opening, thus forming a complete protection. Very seldom will a lion break into a "scherm," although at times they will walk round one all night.

One night Arnot's dog, Judy, started barking at his side. He looked up and told her to be quiet. In a short time, however, she started barking again; then followed a deep growl, with a rush, and poor Judy squeaked her last. Arnot had scarcely time to look up before a leopard had cleared the fires and was off.

When they emerged from the desert and reached the Mababi, Tinka, and the other men from Khama's country, with whom Arnot had travelled, had to return. Arnot, therefore, had to make his own arrangements for proceeding. From the villages of the Basubia he engaged fifteen natives. He was to have many trying experiences with carriers, and it is therefore interesting to read of his apprenticeship to this work.

In the journey from the Mabibi River to the River Chobe, which flows into the Zambezi, Arnot and his party suffered much from the want of water, in a similar way to that described above, and this was partly the reason for the first grumbling. The men began to complain that their loads were too heavy. One afternoon they made quite a revolt and demanded gunpowder. Bringing their loads to Arnot they laid them down saying they would go no further, but would go home unless he gave them powder. Arnot simply sat down beside the stuff, looked at them awhile and said it was all right, and they should go pleasantly. This rather amused them. Their scowling faces relaxed a bit, but they soon began again. This time they tried with threatenings and impudence to rouse his temper. He answered all their talk with "I hear you," until they gradually subsided and soon began to shoulder their sticks.

When they reached Leshuma the natives would not enter the town until Arnot had gone on to see if the way was clear. The place, which had been a trading station, was nearly deserted, only a few women and children being left. When his men heard this they stole down from the hills, deposited their bundles and demanded their pay. They refused to go on to Panda-ma-tenka, the next stage of the journey. All but two desired to go back. Arnot was therefore faced with the prospect of being left in the centre of Africa with three donkeys and two natives. It would have been impossible to go much further with such a caravan, as it would have been out of the question for these to carry his necessary stores. There were no other natives living near who could be secured. All had fled before a scouring band of Matabele from the south. After a deal of talking Arnot paid the men off as desired, and then gathering them together gave them a long address. For an hour he harangued them, pointing out their cruelty in thus deserting him. He told them he would have to leave all his goods to be stolen, or else he would have to burn them. He

asked them how they would answer to their chief, Khama, for their actions, and also how they would answer to God for leaving his servant to perish in the desert. Six eventually decided to go on with Arnot.

CHAPTER III

It was Arnot's intention to cross the Zambezi and make for the uplands between the sources of the River Zambezi and the Congo, but he found he could not cross the intervening country without passing through the capital of the Barotse. Mr. Coillard, a French missionary, had already promised Liwanika the king to settle in Barotsiland, but circumstances had detained him, so Arnot judged that events were calling him to pioneer in that country till Coillard could come.

Arnot proceeded up the Zambezi in the company of a Mr. Blockley, a trader. One night, when journeying away from the river, they lay down under some trees by a clear stream of water, trusting to big fires to keep the lions off. Tired out, however, with a long walk of ten or twelve miles through grass and bush, the party all fell asleep, and the fires went out. It so happened that they lay down beside a game pit, and a huge lion, stealing up to them in the night, fell into it. The men speared it in the morning. If Arnot and his companion had slept on the other side of the pit, the one or the other would undoubtedly have been killed.

The boatmen on the Zambezi gave him as much anxiety as his carriers had done in the earlier part of his journey. On one occasion they landed him and his stuff on the bank of the river, and told him that Shesheke, the town to which he was then going, was close by, and that they had landed him there to avoid a long bend in the river. They returned down the river, and Arnot found he had a long six hours' walk, mostly through a labyrinth of broken-down reeds, with mud and slush underneath.

On another occasion they tried to frighten Arnot into dealing out to them some extra rations. Going up to a small reed-covered island they all landed, professing to be tired. As it was not safe to sit in the canoes when they were still, as the crocodiles had a trick of coming alongside slyly and whisking one into the water with their tails, Arnot got out with the men, spread his mat, lay down, and read a book. The men then stole back to the boat and suddenly pushed out into middle stream, saying they would not take him further unless he promised to pay them more. Arnot lay perfectly still, however, never even looking at them or letting them know that he heard what they said. After having pulled down stream for some miles, going quite out of sight, they returned and begged him to enter the boat. Arnot pretended to be annoyed at their hurry, shut his book, and got in. Off they went, the men rowing as they had not done before to make up for lost time.

But though these river men had a bad character, and were fond of blackmailing, Arnot had again and again proof of their kindness in other ways. When they saw that he could not eat the boiled corn, the dried elephant's flesh, and the putrid meat stolen from the crocodiles' larders, which was their usual food, one or other would get him some milk, meal, or other delicacy from a village.

Having received word at Shesheke from the king that he could journey to the capital, Arnot returned to Panda-ma-tenka to replenish his stores for the journey. Returning he had to cross a desert by a road where there was no water. His carriers seized all the water they were carrying and demanded payment for it. While they were in that mood Arnot was smitten with a fever. Having tramped over forty miles through the desert, he lay down and very soon became unconscious. The carriers went on, leaving him with a little boy. Recovering consciousness, but unable to move, Arnot had to send this little chap through thirty miles of dangerous

country to tell Mr. Blockley of his position. For two nights and a day he tossed about suffering agonies from thirst and from the blazing sun. Vultures hovered overhead by day, and at night he could hear the whoop of the hyenas in the distance. On the third day he heard the crack of Mr. Blockley's whip, and knew that his little messenger had not failed him.

For five weeks after this Arnot was so ill that he was unable to proceed. When at last he did go on, he was so weak that he could not follow the path, but wandered off it and was unable to call back his guide. Night came on and he lay down alone, between two boulders. There he felt fairly comfortable, as the rocks were still radiating the heat caught from the sun in the day. After a while he heard footsteps, and, looking up, saw the figure of a man, with a gun over his shoulder, walking slowly in the direction from which he had himself come. With an effort Arnot was able to call and attract his attention, when he found it was one of the Bushmen, whom he had hired, out in search of him. With his help he was able to reach the next village before midnight. The natives there provided him with a hut to sleep in and brought him food. But it was fully ten days before he sufficiently recovered.

Upon arriving at Shesheke Arnot collapsed, and lay so still that his men thought he was dead. They drew his blanket over him and went off to arrange with Ratua, the chief, for his burial. Ratua pointed out a clump of trees, and told them to dig his grave there. Fortunately Arnot showed signs of life when the men returned from the chief, and the funeral proceedings were stopped. With a plentiful supply of fresh milk he soon picked up, and was able to go with the canoes which Liwanika had sent for him.

When rounding a point the boat was passing along the side of a steep bank, covered with a network of roots, in the midst of which the paddler in front of Arnot spied a puff-adder coiled up. The paddler immediately threw his spear at the snake, which instantly uncoiled itself and struck at its assailant,

grazing Arnot's hat with its fangs. The spear, however, had done its work, pinning the lower part of its body to the ground, and in a short time the men killed it.

At one part of the journey up the river the villages were deserted through fear of invaders coming up the river, and Arnot and his men were dependent entirely upon what they might kill in the bush for food. In this, he says, they were unfortunate, and they were obliged to have recourse to rather mean ways of getting their supper. Crocodiles abound in the Zambezi, and they are very artful. When the larger game come down to drink the crocs creep up, and, seizing them by the nose, drag them under the water. They hide the food thus obtained under the river's bank until it becomes rather putrid. Then they bring it to the surface for airing before eating. Arnot used to lie on the bank of the river and watch these crocodiles coming up, with perhaps a quarter of an antelope, and by firing at their heads he compelled them to drop their supper, which his men picked up from their boats.

Other experiences on the river were with storms. A terrific hurricane burst upon them one afternoon, lashing the water into violent waves, and compelling the boatmen to flee for shelter. No sooner had they touched the bank than Arnot's canoe, which had been gradually filling, sank. Nothing, however, floated away, as the men had taken the precaution to bind the bundles to the canoe with cords. So long as the storm lasted they could do nothing but seek to shelter themselves under a few bushes. Later on, the men went down to the sunken canoe, and, as the water was not deep, succeeded in removing the goods without much difficulty. Their plad of getting the water out of the canoe was simple but ingenious. They seized the canoe by the bow, jerked it forward, and thus set the water within in motion ; then they pushed the canoe back, and the water flowed out. By repeating this process the canoe was emptied of about a ton of water in a few minutes.

It was some days before Arnot could get his blankets dried after the soaking they had had in the river, for the storm was followed by heavy rains. When they arrived at the landing place of Lealui, Liwanika's capital, it was dusk, and as the town was five miles away, they had to wait for the morning for porters from the king to carry the bundles. Without fires or shelter, and cold and hungry, the men were so cross that they were ready to fight with one another over anything. Something had to be done, and the idea struck Arnot of starting a needle-threading competition in the dark. In Africa the men are more interested in needles and in sewing than the women. To the surprise of the natives Arnot succeeded in threading the needle every time it came round to his turn. Hour after hour passed, but none of them could do it. From sheer exhaustion they at last gave up, none of them having discovered the trick which Arnot followed of holding the eye of the needle up to a bright star.

The king had had a hut specially built for Arnot, but as it was finished only the day before he arrived, and the ground upon which it was built was wet, and the grass was fresh and reeked, he had a miserable start. Bouts of fever laid him prostrate every third or fourth day.

To crown all, he had to witness trials for witchcraft taking place daily in front of his hut. A small company would gather and begin an animated discussion. This grew hotter and hotter. Then a large fire would be kindled, and a pot of water set thereon. The persons charged had to wash their hands in the water, and if, after twenty-four hours, the skin came off, the victims were burnt alive. First one, and then the other, dipped his hands in the fiercely boiling water, lifting some up and pouring it over the wrist. Twenty-four hours told its tale, and Arnot saw the poor fellows marched off to be burnt before a howling, cursing mob.

One evening as Arnot was sitting enjoying the cool evening air at his hut door, two young men came running rapidly

towards him. He saw that one was bound and that the other carried a short club in his hand. When well in front of the hut, and quite on the outskirts of the town, the man with the club gave his prisoner a sharp blow on the back of the head, killing him instantly. This was an execution, and the wild animals and vultures saw to the final disposal of the body.

CHAPTER IV

During the time that Arnot was amongst the Barotse he saw much of their cruel customs. A poor old woman who had always been kind to him was burnt one morning as a witch. She was accused of putting a crocodile's tooth amongst the king's corn in order to bewitch him, and, having been tried by the boiling-pot test, was condemned. Arnot believed it was a trick of some spiteful rascals who were her servants. These had prepared the corn for the king, and brought the tooth to one of the king's head-servants.

An old man was tested by the boiling pot, having been accused of bewitching the king's brother. The king's brother was so fat that walking was a difficulty to him. Imagining that his fat was leaving him he decided that this old man was the wizard who was causing it. Strange to say, the old man came out of the trial uninjured. Arnot saw him twice dip his hands into boiling water, allowing the water to run over his wrists as he lifted his hands out, and yet the next day his skin seemed quite natural. The only cause Arnot could think of for this was that, as the old man was nearing his century, his hands were as tough as tough could be. This case was, of course, flourished before Arnot as a great victory. It was a case under his very eyes proving that it did not condemn all.

Arnot seldom journeyed up and down the river without meeting with some adventure. One evening he was benighted.

It became very dark, and his men were anxiously paddling up stream when a hippopotamus came after the boat in which Arnot was. The hippo was grunting fiercely and gnashing his teeth. The men pulled hard to get to shallow water, but the beast followed them. Arnot had no powder at hand for his gun. The men jumped out, but Arnot did not like to leave the boat to the mercy of the brute, so he took his steel and flint and struck fire in his face. This stopped the hippo, who at once turned back into deep water.

On another occasion a troop of buffaloes was seen near the water, and as his men were very anxious for meat they started at once in pursuit, whilst Arnot stayed by the stuff, sitting quietly reading under his umbrella. By-and-by he noticed some curious objects on the tops of the trees. Here was an old shirt, and there was a little piece of white cloth fluttering in the breeze. The secret was soon discovered. The brave crew had overtaken the buffaloes, but after firing a few shots an infuriated old bull had attacked them, and they were compelled to climb the trees and remain there for some hours, as the bull took his stand at the foot.

At one point on the river Arnot and his men had a very narrow escape from total destruction. They were pulling along against a heavy current, and close to a high precipitous bank, when suddenly the whole bank gave way. It fell into the river just alongside their boat, and with such force that some of the men were thrown out, whilst the boat filled with earth and water. Had they been but a few feet nearer to the shore they would all have been buried alive. The water underneath them was very deep before the landslip occurred, but immediately afterwards it was only a few feet in depth, and the current was diverted to the middle of the river.

CHAPTER V

When Arnot met Liwanika in 1883, the king was about his own age. He gave him a hearty welcome, provided him with food in abundance, and ordered one of his own servants to live with him and serve him. Liwanika was pleasant looking, was always smiling, and was fond of everything European. His favourite pastime was making wooden spoons and drumsticks.

Liwanika and his headmen decided to wait for Mr. and Mrs. Coillard, on the one condition that Arnot would remain till they arrived. This he gladly consented to do. Feeling he would be there for some time he decided to start a school, and interviewed the king on the subject. The king cross-questioned him as to what he had come to teach. Arnot spoke to him of sin, death, and judgment, and of God's love in the gift of His Son. That, Arnot said, was his first and chief message, besides which he wanted to teach the children to read and write, also all about the world in which they lived, and other things which the white men knew, and which were good for all people to know. The king listened attentively and then said, " Yes ! yes ! that is good, to read, to write, and to know numbers. But don't teach them the Word of God ; it's not nice ; my people are not all going to die now. No ! no ! You must not teach that in this country. We know quite enough about God and about dying." Arnot kept silent till the king's excitement was over, and then said that they would talk again about it when the king had thought more.

The school was started, and after a few months Arnot had further talks with his majesty. Liwanika never got so excited as before. Though the king had permitted Arnot to teach the children he was not very ready himself to hear the truth. The king would argue that as he did not know God's laws, it would be unfair for God to call him to account.

Another thing the king did not like to hear was the pos-

sibility that in the next world he might find his position reversed. The African believes that according to the position a man has in this life, so will his place be in the next. Goodness or badness, righteousness or sin, are not in their creeds. If a man dies a slave he will have a position similar to that when he is dead ; if a man dies a chief, he will remain a chief, and so on. When Arnot tried to explain to the king that a man's position in this world had nothing whatever to do with his place in the next, that God dealt with the hearts of men, and not with their skins, that a poor slave might be seated in the palace of God, and a king or a chief shut out, he got very excited and forbade the missionary ever to say such a thing again, or ever to teach such things to his people.

Arnot asked the king to allow him to preach to him and to his counsellors. But against this Liwanika steadily set his face. Had he not given Arnot his children to teach ? The missionary's words and stories were really only for children. But one day he asked whether there was anything in Arnot's book suitable for kings. Arnot replied with emphasis that there was much in the Bible for kings and about kings. "Well ! " said Liwanika, " if that is so, I will give you a proper hearing ; come on a certain day, and I will gather all my nobles, and we will listen to the message that your book has for a king."

When the appointed day came Arnot chose for his message the story of Nebuchadnezzar. Liwanika listened intently, turning constantly to his nobles to see if they were listening too. At last he could not contain his delight, but burst forth with, " That is what I am going to be. I am the great Nebuchadnezzar of Central Africa." But when the preacher went on to speak of the downfall of the king of Babylon because of his pride and of his boastfulness, and how God had brought him down to the level of a beast having claws and eating grass, the king's countenance fell, and, refusing to wait for the rest of the story, he marched indignantly away. For two months the king and his counsellors left Arnot severely alone.

In the course of his dealings with Arnot Liwanika tried to get him married. The Barotse have a law that men must marry at a certain age. The king, and some of his headmen, thought their guest was setting a very bad example. They wanted to know if being unmarried was a part of his religion ; and when they found that it was not, they said he would have to marry. Without consulting Arnot the king appointed a daughter of his eldest sister to be his wife. Arnot was invited to a feast where all the king's female relations and the friends of the damsel were assembled. The missionary went in perfect ignorance of what was to happen. The king's sister presented him with a pot of mead, and then introduced her daughter to him as his wife. Arnot was thunderstruck, and began to boil with indignation, and to demand their meaning. By acting in such a way, he said, they were making a great mistake. The king could not understand the refusal of his handsome gift of a princess who was rich in cattle, slaves, and gardens. Arnot explained to him quietly that when he wanted to marry he would get a wife of his own nation, who would be able to speak with, and to teach, the Barotse women. This pleased Liwanika, who said, " That will do. You must bring her the next time you go home, and I will be satisfied."

CHAPTER VI

In April, 1884, the signs of a revolution, which was to drive Liwanika from his throne, were very clear, and Arnot was advised to leave the country, at least for a time. He had repeatedly asked the king to allow him to proceed up the Zambezi to the tribes living to the north, but Liwanika would not grant this request. These people were, he said, the dogs of the Barotse, and he would not allow missionaries to visit them. So Arnot decided to go west to the coast at Benguella, hoping, in the course of his journey, to get guidance concerning his future sphere.

Senhor Porto, a Portuguese explorer and trader, was at Lealui at this time, and Arnot arranged to travel with him. Senhor Porto was at that time close on 70 years of age. He had been trading in the interior for over forty years, and was still hale and strong. He used to carry a cock with him in his travels to act as an alarum, the cock-crowing being the signal for the camp to awaken and prepare for the journey.

The day before he left, Arnot was repairing some guns for the Barotse when, on firing a breechloader, the hinge of the block gave way, and his face and right eye were badly scorched by the explosion. As his riding ox had been sent off ahead by mistake the day before, Arnot had to be led for the first ten miles of his journey. His guide was a little boy, and together they waded, for most of the way, in water up to their knees, or pressed through thick bush. The next day, still with his eye bandaged, he mounted the ox, but had a rough experience. The footpath was bad and narrow, and the ox would not keep in this narrow way. Whenever it caught sight of the oxen of the caravan it would canter straight towards them, leaving either Arnot, or some of his clothing, caught by some of the "wait-a-bit" thorn bushes. It was with difficulty that the traveller could retain his hat. The bandage on the eyes was torn completely off by the thorns. At last the ox was sent about its business, and Arnot lay down quite out of breath, and, as he confessed, sadly out of temper too. Some of the carriers urged him on, but offered him no help. At last a female slave, carrying some provisions on her head, gave him a cool drink, and some coarse bread, which refreshed him, and sent him on his way thinking how much greater was the generosity of woman. Through the constant application of a poultice made out of dried ox-dung, heated in a pan, Arnot's eyes gradually became better, and he was able to tame the ox and to make it serviceable.

For the most part the caravan passed through the native villages safely, but occasionally there were unpleasant and

even dangerous incidents. In one large town the natives gathered around Arnot and his men, dancing, shouting, and yelling to them to stop, and, at the same time swinging their weapons threateningly over the heads of their visitors. They then seized hold of some of the carriers, and drove off Arnot's ox. This caused Arnot to run back to protect the goods until Senhor Porto came up with some more men. Arnot was within an inch of having his head split open with an axe. When Senhor Porto arrived he sprang out of his hammock, and seized his gun. This made the ruffians fall back.

At another place, after camp had been pitched for the night, some Baluchaze men came, evidently bent upon mischief. Getting nothing for their impudence they left. But in a short time, however, the long grass was on fire on all sides of them. All the men turned out, and as the flames approached the camp they met them and beat them out, and succeeded in stamping out the fire. They then called the men together and discovered that eight were missing. The grass had been set on fire to distract attention whilst they carried off all the stragglers they could catch. Calling for volunteers, Arnot procured from the bottom of his trunk a pistol and cleaned and loaded it. He soon had thirty smart young men ready to follow up the robbers. These were lined up, and, as all claimed kinship with the stolen men, it was felt that they could all be relied upon. Then Arnot thought, "What about a short prayer?" He fumbled with his pistol. He knew that, to the African mind, the two things were not in keeping. So after a struggle he hastened back to his box, and replaced the pistol. Then he knelt in the midst of his men and asked the Lord to give them back the stolen men. Then they set off. After a weary ten-mile journey over the hills they came upon the Baluchaze robbers. They found them ready to fight, as they thought they had come to recover the stolen men by force. Arnot made every effort to get between his own men and the Baluchaze, and, as a sign of his peaceful intentions,

held up one of their native stools in front of the threatening crowd, and then sat down upon it, urging them to sit down and talk with him. The old chief, seeing the younger men fall back, began to chide his followers for being afraid, and rushing forward levelled his gun at Arnot, ready to fire. By this time Arnot's men had their guns to their shoulders too. Arnot called upon them not to fire. The young men on the other side, fearing that their old chief would bring mischief upon them if he fired, laid hold of him, took his gun from him, and marched him off to a hut close by, in the most ignominious manner, with his hands behind his back. At last, one by one, they came near and sat down and talked the matter over. They said they were not angry with Arnot, but with other white men who were their enemies. They promised to bring the captives to the camp next day. They kept their word. The stolen men were brought back, and presents were exchanged. What was at first a nasty affair ended in a friendly spirit.

When approaching the Bihé country, to which the carriers belonged, one of the men insisted that another, who owed him something, should pay his debt before they entered their own country. The other refused to acknowledge the debt, and hot words led to blows. Seizing his gun, already loaded, the debtor pulled the trigger twice while aiming at the other's breast. Fortunately, being a flint-lock, it missed fire on both occasions. The creditor in self-defence rushed on his assailant with a club, and compelled him to drop his gun by breaking two of his fingers. The injured man then seized his knife from his belt, rushed at the man he had failed to shoot, and stabbed him, the knife entering rather deeply into the abdomen. By this time the men in camp came to the rescue and prevented further mischief by separating the antagonists.

During his short stay in Bihé a civil war was on. The greater part of the nation was with the king to put down a young claimant to the throne. Everyone was commandeered.

Even Senhor Porto was called out, but made the excuse that he was too old. Arnot happened to be at Bailundu, or he too would have been forced to join the camp. He had left his gun at Bihé. This was taken, so, as he said, though he himself was not fighting, his artillery was at work.

Arnot had any amount of patience with the natives. Though they fell out with him a dozen times a day, he never would fall out with them. Because of this they said "Monare! He wouldn't injure his greatest enemy." One result of this attitude of his was that he had the satisfaction on one occasion of seeing a whole town turn out to flog a young man by making him run the gauntlet between two long rows of slim fellows armed with strips of hippo hide. This was on Arnot's behalf, but not at his suggestion. The man had brought a charge against Arnot, and wanted him to give him so much cloth to shut his mouth. Arnot was indignant with him, and drove him out of his yard. The man then brought the matter up before the headmen, who soon found out that he was lying, and that he was a rogue and a thief. Arnot said he never saw the young men of a town go about a matter so heartily as the flogging of that young man. All day long they danced about with their strips of hide, showing how nicely they had given him a cut over the back, or just across the fleshy part, and boasting of the great things they would do to the next man who dared to injure Monare.

On his way to the coast Arnot fell in with a company of men from the far interior. They were from the chief Msidi, of Garenganze (now called Katanga). They had come with a letter from Msidi to his brother-in-law, Coimbra, asking that white men might come to Garenganze. Of course it was as traders that Msidi wanted them, but Arnot felt he had something better than trade in goods. Coimbra was delighted to hear of Arnot's proposal, and so the decision was made which took Arnot to the place where his greatest work was to be done.

CHAPTER VII

Arnot arrived at Benguella in November, 1884. As he had to gather stores for his long journey, and to receive help from home for this enterprise, and also to wait and see if anyone would come from England to go with him into the interior, it was impossible for him to proceed for several months. He therefore returned to Bihé to help the American missionaries there, and to gain experience. He was back again at the coast in April, and was, after many delays in securing carriers, able to start in June, 1885. When Arnot started in June for the interior there was no sign of any helper coming from England or Scotland, so he had to go alone.

One of the greatest annoyances of this journey was the insistent demand, made by the chiefs of each tribe through whose territory Arnot passed, for presents as toll.

Chiponga, the chief of Bihé, was very cross because Arnot gave him no rum. This, he said, was an open act of rebellion on his part, as he (the chief) had given an order that everyone coming into his country should bring him tribute in rum. Arnot gave him six pieces of cloth and a chair. This was slighted. "Take it away. Go!" he said. Arnot only answered softly, and thanked him for returning his cloth, and when he saw that Arnot had nothing more to give he consented to receive the cloth if fifty yards more and a jacket were added.

The next morning this chief sent a man for another piece of cloth, sending at the same time a good-sized pig, which, Arnot said, was an excellent representation of himself.

To Chipongi, the chief at Belmonte, Arnot gave nine pieces of cloth. The next morning the chief sent for more presents, asking for a shawl and a shirt, and saying that Arnot must

wait for his return from a hunt. It was five weeks later before Arnot was able to write :

" The chief here, in a favourable interview, has given me, according to native custom, the road to the Garenganze. I got off very cheaply in only having to pay, as tribute, about 100 yards of cotton cloth, but my stock was small."

But another fortnight passed before the chief really let Arnot go. By accident his yard and huts were burnt down, and he made this the excuse for sending to and demanding from Arnot some more cloth. " The begging of these chiefs," said Arnot, " causes a most uncomfortable strain on one. It is the bane of travelling in Africa."

At Kapoko the experience was of a different order. Kapoko's town was large and clean. The chief sent word to Arnot, on his arrival, that, as he was mourning the death of a child, he could not at once receive him but he must send his present. This he did, giving thirty-two yards of calico. A little later in the evening three of Kapoko's headmen came to him with a story of great dissatisfaction to the effect that his present was too small. " You surely thought," they said to Arnot, " that Kapoko was a very small man, seeing you sent him so small a present." Arnot listened to their story with much attention. And then, in the most serious manner, began to assure them of the great respect he had for the king, that he knew that he was a very great man, and asked the royal messengers to go back and assure his majesty that the smallness of the present spoke only of his smallness, but not of Kapoko's, and that if he were only so much bigger he would think nothing of giving the king bales of cloth. The poor old men dropped their frowning visages and looked at each other in a stupefied way. Some of the young men, however, behind, could not hold themselves in, but burst out laughing, which was the sign for a general burst of laughter. They all parted a short time afterwards the best of friends, the king's Prime Minister, who

was the leading one of the group, leaving with the assurance that the king would send him a good fat pig on the morrow. The next morning the headmen returned, saying that Kapoko would give Arnot nothing less than an ox, and that he had sent to the Kwanza to procure one for him from one of his villages, and that it would arrive on the morrow. Arnot told them that he was very hungry, and that a sheep would be worth more to him that day than an ox the next. In the end a fat sheep was sent to Arnot's camp.

Just a month later Arnot records another experience at Kapwita. In the afternoon, he said, chief number one turned up with his little stool, his retinue, etc. He brought a goat and some meal. Arnot gave him six yards in return. A little later chief number two came along. He was a "big man," and every one who had come to the camp declared that he was their chief. Arnot gave him the usual tribute, regretting only his liberality to the former pretender. Towards evening, however, a third lot came along from Kapwita, the "true chief," "the great chief." At this Arnot's indignation began to come out. "Three chiefs for the one camp! Never!" He said he would not hear of it. After much discussion and quarrelling between his men and the people, he had to fork out again eight yards. Arnot said he had no doubt that number three was the real chief. But the whole thing was evidently planned. No device was forgotten or opportunity lost to delay and fleece him.

CHAPTER VIII

The journey from Benguella to Garenganze was marked by repeated troubles with carriers. Fresh groups had to be engaged for different stages of the way. The second day out nearly all the carriers repented of their bargain, and for different reasons withdrew. Arnot sent messengers out in various directions to call for men, signifying his readiness to accept offers

for one day's journey if only they would come. In another two days he had enough for a start to the next village. Rising early he took his tent down and bundled it up. But those who had promised to come for loads were very dilatory, and it was nearly mid-day before anything was moved out of the camp. The afternoon had almost gone ere the last loads were lifted, so progress was not possible that day beyond four miles. The day workers were paid off in the evening. These had thrown down their loads without provision for any storm that might burst in the night. And a storm did burst, with Arnot battling alone, in the pitch-black darkness and a drenching downpour, to get some kind of cover over the goods.

It was another fortnight before Arnot could see his way to move again. He had then enough carriers for all his loads ; but the day he planned to start he found that all, whom he had engaged from that neighbourhood, had been ordered by their chief to leave him. It appeared that some of the interior traders were working behind the scenes, poisoning the minds of the chiefs against him, being afraid of an Englishman getting further into the interior than they had permission to go. They did not understand Arnot's mission, and seemed to have a real fear of the Englishman's power of " swallowing trade."

When at last a move forward was made, individual carriers would cause anxiety. There was one whose load was not right, the next day it would be his rations, and then on another occasion he would have a thorn in his foot, and so would be unable to shoulder his burden. One evening a man, who was tying up his load, threw off a valuable tin of biscuits, saying he could not carry that, his load was already too heavy. Arnot had no option but to open it and divide some of the biscuits amongst other loads, and to give the rest away.

The scratch caravan, which Arnot eventually gathered, showed every sign of discontent and impatience, demanding their payment in advance. But when he remembered how

repeatedly men had withdrawn, or been recalled, he felt this would never do.

Once in the midst of a forest four men laid down their loads and said they would not carry them any further. Arnot simply told them that if they would return they would have to go as they were with only their clothes around them, and that he had no intention of paying them for carrying his goods into the forest and leaving them there. He also threatened to take from them some wax that they had recently bought in a village, and said, too, that on his return to Bihé he would bring a charge against them. In all this the remainder of the carriers supported Arnot, so that the men were brought to their senses.

When camped by the Lumese River the men clamoured for rations six days before they were due. They threatened and stormed, and at last ten of them packed up and started for the road by which they had come. Arnot, however, was not to be bullied. He signified his readiness to remain at that spot, and began to look around for building material. Later in the day the men returned.

CHAPTER IX

After crossing the Kifumadshe River there was further trouble. All the men began to misbehave to the best of their ability, laying down their loads, demanding more rations, and then meat. "Meat, Monare!" they said. "Give us meat; why don't you hunt? You are starving us." Arnold lifted his gun to go. He confessed he was sadly out of temper, and that he kept scolding them as he was tugging the cover off his gun. Suddenly it went off, shattering the point of his left forefinger. There was no one with him who could dress a wound, so Arnot thought the cleanest and safest way would be to cut off the top joint of the finger. He, therefore, got a lancet out of his case, and one of his men cut according to his

directions. This, he said, effectually cooled his anger. At the same time it effectually calmed down his men, for the present at least. There was not a word about more rations or heavy loads. The next day they all did their best to please him, bringing wild fruit to him, and standing around with long faces. They acknowledged that it was because of their troubling that he got " mad " and shot off his finger.

Eight days later, however, the grumbling broke out again. " More rations ! " " Starvation ! " they cried. " We cannot carry further." It was true that some of them were short of food. But it was their own fault. Nearly all the cloth which Arnot had divided out to them earlier, and with which they could have bought food, had been spent for vicious purposes. A band of ringleaders went through the camp, threatening to belabour with leather thongs the first to lift his load. Arnot said : " I left the matter entirely in the Master's hands, being assured that if Katema (the place where the outbreak occurred) was the place to which He had sent me, He would not allow me to go further." So he withdrew from the camp, never dreaming that a march could be made that day. While sitting on a log he suddenly saw a general move among the men ; they came out, one after another, and went off, scarcely saying a word. The truth was, the camp was literally alive with " army ants," which came rushing in from all directions, so it was no wonder that the carriers turned out so speedily.

Having failed with Arnot, the men ceased to quarrel with him, and began letting out their spleen at one another. On the road, during the next two days, they had two free fights with sticks.

The next day there was a quarrel between the carriers and the people of the country. A little dog in the camp was ill and vomited. A native, who had come to sell meal, sat down beside the dog, and some of the vomit fell on to his arm. The carriers all declared it was the native's fault, and would not

pay for the offence, so he and his friends waylaid them on the road, caught a straggler, and took his gun from him.

Another trouble that Arnot had to face with his men was their desire to purchase slaves. It was a wretched business, which he was utterly powerless to stop. They usually went off to the villages to do it. The Bihé traders said they would rather have slaves than ivory, and Arnot's carriers wanted to return with slaves to sell to these traders. One evening he found his men in camp negotiating with some wild Bailundu for a woman slave and child. The child was a boy of five or six years. When Arnot came on the scene the woman had been bargained for, but the price of the child was disputed. At last the Bailunda said they would not sell the child, and were pulling him out of the arms of his mother, who was clutching him frantically. At this Arnot interfered and stopped the proceedings. The Bailundu took the hint, for before Arnot had time to look around they snatched up their cloth, including the disputed piece offered for the child, and cleared away from the camp.

At Katema the chief sent Arnot a present of a woman slave, with infant in arms, a pitiable sight. The chief's messengers said that food was to follow, but that Katema could not give to a white man a present of food only. Arnot asked them as a favour to take the woman back, and, if possible, to send her to her own village and among her own people, and never again to think of giving her away to strangers. The chief, however, did not quite understand his message, and thought he had refused the slave because she was full grown; and so he sent back word that the next day he would send Arnot a young boy or a girl instead. Though ill at the time Arnot determined to go to his village and explain the matter, which he did quite to the chief's satisfaction.

CHAPTER X

When journeying along the Shemoi River the natives were very friendly, and gave the "white man" a great welcome. This, though acceptable, took a form that was distracting. They were very fond of night dancing, and came along to the camp with drums. They danced, and drummed, and sang all the night through, till Arnot felt nearly demented. To have turned them off would have been a great incivility. In the morning he had to pay them four yards of cloth and 2 lbs. of salt for their pains in afflicting him. They gave him, however, two pigs, a goat, and some fowls. For two hours the next day the road was lined with people. No villages were to be seen, only trees and footpaths, but the people were there in crowds. They said that a white man had never passed their way before, and that Arnot was the first one they had ever seen. As his face and hands were something nearer brown than white he had to show them his arms. When he did so they all gave a shout "Calunga!" (It is God), and whooped and whooped. It was all so deafening that Arnot was glad to whip on his ox and get off.

At the next camp the people promised to give another night's serenading. Arnot said a cold sweat broke over him at the very thought of it. Travelling all day under the sun, which was then at its hottest, gave him a splitting headache which was only relieved by a night's sleep. To have a blazing sun by day, and drums and singing all night, was calculated, he thought, to put an end to his earthly career. So he sent a present of meat to the town, beseeching them not to come to his camp. They contented themselves, therefore, with coming only half way, and there, just across the river, they danced and sang until the morning. They were an extraordinary people, being unable to restrain a little extra excitement; it had to be drummed and danced out. A little farther on the

people treated him in a similar way. As sleep was impossible, on account of five drums, and thirty lusty voices singing, Arnot sat up late writing out his diary for his mother's reading He felt far from fresh in the morning, the sound of drums seeming to be in every chamber of his brain.

The journey was not marked by many adventures with the wild beasts of the forests and the plains. Just as Arnot was dropping off to sleep one night he heard a prolonged ominous rustle among the dank grass and leaves that made his litter. He suspected that a snake, roused by the warmth of his body, was drawing closer to him. As soon as he awoke in the morning he remembered his bedmate, and, with one spring, cleared both bed and bedding. Then, with the help of his boys, he fished his rugs away, and, after beating about with long sticks, a deadly black mamba, some six feet long, wriggled out, which they quickly despatched.

When nearing the end of the journey Arnot started out early one morning in search of food. He had gone but a short way when he saw, up a valley, that some animals were moving about in the long grass. Taking a round through the bush with one of his men, he got up, by dint of careful stalking, close to the animals, when, to his surprise, he found himself in front of five full-grown leopards. He refrained from shooting, as their flesh could not be of use. Four of the leopards cantered off at the first sight of the missionary, but the old one remained and seemed as if he would attack him. The leopard was swinging his tail and crouching as if for a spring. Arnot kept his ground calmly though only twenty yards from him, but with his rifle cocked. As soon, however, as the leopard saw his companions off at a safe distance, he trotted slowly after them, and then broke into a canter.

Arnot reached the capital, now known as Bunkeya, where Msidi, the king, lived. On his way his heart occasionally misgave him as he heard repeatedly of the extra-tall, well-sharpened stake that Msidi had placed in the middle of his

court-yard, on which to place the head of the first white man who should come into his country to spy out the store-houses of ivory and his mountains of copper. Though a white man had marched through a portion of the Garenganze before, Arnot was the first European to reach the capital.

On the outskirts of the capital a messenger from the king brought him a small tooth of very white ivory to keep his heart up, and to show him that his (the king's) heart was white towards him.

As it was not the custom to receive entire strangers at once, Arnot was kept waiting for two or three days whilst the question was being decided whether his intentions in coming to the country were good or bad, and whether his heart was as white as his skin. Diviners and doctors from far and near were employed for this purpose. All things turned out in Arnot's favour. The diviners had nothing against him, and so were willing to obey their king's command, and to unite in giving him a hearty welcome to Garenganze.

Mukurru, as the capital was called, was not laid out as a town. It was a large piece of country with groups of huts. Each centre was the residence of one of the king's wives. Of these he had 500.

Arnot and his eight men were told to come in style, firing volleys as they marched. They reached the yard where the king was awaiting them. They found him to be an old-looking man with a pleasant face and a short beard, quite white. He rose from his chair and came forward to greet Arnot, folding his arms around him in a most fatherly way. Interviews followed on succeeding days, when Arnot tried to explain why he had come. Msidi had heard of Livingstone's approach from the east several years before, and of his death at Ilala. Arnot explained that he, like Livingstone, was a man of peace, and that he had come from the same country and the same town.

Arnot found the king a strange mixture. He was fierce

and cruel as a soldier and in his ambition for power and gain. Hearing him talk of his wars, and seeing all around his yard human skulls, which were brought there in baskets as proof of his soldiers' valour, the sensation crept over him of being in a monster's den. And yet he was kind and generous, acting as a father over his people. Trays of food were brought into the courtyard, and the king would come down from his stool and himself deal out food to his people, giving special attention to the aged and decrepit. Arnot saw him take extra notice of a leper, and of a feeble-minded old woman ; and then immediately afterwards mix up, in a separate dish, some porridge and broth for Arnot's dog, which was standing by. The king opposed all hashish smoking, and was not favourable to the use of tobacco in any form. He insisted upon his sons acquiring a knowledge of useful employments. Kalasa was quite a skilful worker in horn, making, out of the horns of large animals, powder flasks neatly mounted with copper and brass. Another of Msidi's sons was a professional blacksmith. Their livelihood did not depend upon these trades, but they were followed as accomplishments.

CHAPTER XI

Arnot was successful in doctoring a favourite wife of the king's, and Msidi was so pleased that he sent a hunter off to kill and bring in the flesh of a buffalo as his pay. A leprous woman was also greatly relieved by him through the application of crystal-caustic. He was called to see Kagoma, a chief, two days' journey from the capital. Kagoma was suffering from a form of leprous sores, which had afflicted him for eight years. Five witches had been killed meanwhile, but without any effect on the sores. Arnot began to treat him with silver caustic, and he was greatly relieved at once, the sores drying up under the application. Medical practice was never regarded by Arnot as his chief work, but he found it a very valuable help,

giving him access to the hearts of the people. He met with much success in it, and the people had confidence in him. That they did not trust their own witch-doctors was evident, for when Arnot himself was ill with fever the king sent him an urgent message not to take their medicines as they would kill him.

While at the Lukuruwe Arnot had a narrow escape. He had been resting during the heat of the day, his bed being on the ground. When about to get up he reached out for his hat, intending to go outside, when whiz came a spear into his hut, cutting through the rim of his hat, which was in his hand, and sticking into the ground not three inches from his side.

At another time he and a man were out alone in the woods when the call of a honey-bird attracted them. On going but a short way it halted on a tall tree. They were looking into the tree trying to find the honey, when from the grass which lay between them there sprang out a leopard, which bounded off. The wicked bird had led them to its lair.

One night two of his men out hunting got benighted on the other side of the river. Night set in very dark indeed, and after waiting a long time for the absent ones, the men in camp crossed and made signals to guide them. Above the rushing of the river they presently heard their voices replying to them from the other side. Arnot ran down to the bank to guide them by his shouts, but, finding that his voice was not loud enough to make them hear, he called to his men in camp to come down so that they all could shout together. All accordingly left the camp and joined him. They had only shouted once or twice when they heard a great noise in the direction of the camp, which seemed to be alive with howling demons. The truth was that the wild animals of the forest had taken advantage of their absence, and had rushed in and were devouring the meat they found there. Some parts of a zebra were lying in the middle of the enclosure, and a family of hyenas, accompanied by two dog-leopards, were fighting

SAVING THE LARDER

Arnot and his followers hearing shouts from the river went to investigate. A pack of hyenas and leopards seized the opportunity to raid the camp. The party hurried back, leaped the thorn fence and drove the animals off with loud shouts. (*See p.* 40.)

and quarrelling over it. Action had to be taken at once. Having no fire, and being without guns in their hands, they could not remain out of their shelters. So, taking the lead, Arnold called to his men to follow and rushed at full speed back to the camp. Taking care to avoid the doorway, they sprang over the little brush barricade, and so alarmed the animals with their shouts and yells that they left the meat and fled.

A remarkable adventure with a lion was met with on one of these journeys. All night they had been kept awake by these lions serenading them. The lads, three in number, had their work cut out to keep the bivouac fires burning. Next morning, when passing through a clump of long reedy grass, Arnot heard in front of him the low, angry growl of a lion. The man in front said it was a buffalo, and stopped and asked Arnot to pass his rifle to him so that he might shoot it. Arnot urged him to push on, hoping to get his party by the spot. It was too late, however, for the brute charged. It made straight for the hindmost lad, who was carrying Arnot's mat and blanket. Arnot ran back and succeeded in intercepting the lion, coming between him and the boy. In his spring the lion, therefore, fell a few paces short of his intended victim, but right before Arnot's face, too close to allow him to use his rifle. The man and the three lads dropped their loads and were off like deer, leaving Arnot and the lion alone in the reed thicket, face to face. For a moment it was a question what the next scene would be. The beast was raging fiercely and would fain have sprung on him, but seemed to lack the nerve. Holding him hard with his eyes and slowly cocking his rifle, Arnot lifted it to his shoulder for a steady aim, when the lion suddenly gave in, his huge tail dropped, and, drawing his teeth under his lips, he made off. Arnot sprang after him, hoping to get a shot at safer range, but the grass was so dense that he could not sight him again, so he started in search of his companions. He overtook them several hundred yards on

by the river's brink, but not one would return for his load, so complete was their scare, although Arnot assured them that the lion had got clean away. The lad whose life Arnot had saved belonged to Bihé, and a young Bihéan said to his fellows that he would go anywhere with such a white man, who would throw his own body between a lion and a black lad of no account.

A leopard seized and carried off Arnot's dog from the very centre of his yard one evening at twilight.

Arnot himself encountered a large animal one night just outside his hut door at eleven o'clock. It seemed to be waiting its opportunity to pounce upon someone, but Arnot tumbled back indoors and disappointed him. A few nights later, when sitting under the verandah of his house, he saw another of these creatures coming straight for his cottage, evidently attracted by the goats. Stepping indoors and picking up his gun, which stood loaded in a corner, he fired at him and the ball passed through his heart. It proved to be a full-grown hyena of man-eating kind. Arnot's boys and neighbours had a dance round it next day.

CHAPTER XII

In the course of a few months Arnot found himself in possession of quite a number of children, whose care added considerably to his labours. These were children whose lives were endangered through the customs associated with the purchase of slaves.

The question of these children puzzled Arnot a good deal, and often he did not know what to do. Little children had really no value in the slave market. A woman burdened with a child was a less desirable article of purchase than one with hands and shoulders free. Raiding parties would kill off all small children found among their captives. The body of a fine little boy was picked up beside the Arab camp. The

owner had taken him the round of all likely purchasers (including, Arnot said, probably himself), and then thrust a spear through him as a useless burden on his hands.

One of Msidi's hunters came to Arnot's house to say that there was a troop of antelopes out in the plain to the north of the capital, and urged him to go at once with him to the spot. As he and his boys were in need of food at the time Arnot started for the plain with this man as his guide. They found, however, that the herd had gone further away. Following on for some time they came up to them about ten miles from the town. Arnot succeeded in stalking the herd, getting to within a hundred and fifty yards of them, and from behind a small tree he opened fire. Although he had only five cartridges in his belt three of the antelopes were brought down. They were about the size of oxen, and splendid for eating. Two of them lay together, and the third was about one hundred yards off. By this time the sun was fast disappearing, but Arnot felt that, considering the state of his larder at home, he could not leave all this meat in the plain. He therefore sent off his companion to the village for fire, and to bring more cartridges, and some men to cut up and to carry the meat back. Arnot remained by the carcases, armed only with a long hunting knife, having no ammunition for his rifle. Night had scarcely set in when he heard in the distance the whoop of a hyena, which was the signal for all night prowlers to gather round. Arnot determined to march up and down and, if possible, to hold his own against them. Unfortunately there was no moon. It was a pitch-dark night, and he could only hear the animals as they came walking round in the dry grass. Having no fire, he was compelled to keep shouting at them, making as much noise as possible, to keep them from the carcases of the antelopes. The beasts seemed to increase in number, and feeling unable to defend all his spoil, Arnot gave up one animal to the hungry visitors, hoping that would satisfy them, and that they would leave him in peaceful possession of two. Feeling

the cold intensely he took out his hunting knife, skinned one of the antelopes, rolled himself in the borrowed hide and lay down on the ground. But soon he heard the stealthy tread of some animal coming towards him. Springing instantly to his feet he rushed to the place where he had left one carcase, and found that in the course of an hour these hungry brutes had devoured it, and were now preparing to pounce either upon him or the other two antelopes. By dint of rushing up and down and shouting for hours, he managed to keep them off. About three in the morning some men came, bringing fire with them, and he got a little sleep. The daylight revealed, by the footprints, that his companions had been five large hyenas, and three cheeta or dog-leopards. Not only had they cleaned off every atom of flesh and bones of their antelope, but they had licked the very ground clean of blood.

Early in 1888, Arnot started for the coast and home. His seven years' travelling in Africa had made him famous. He was quite "one of the lions of the season." Fame was not sought by Arnot, but it had come to him. But his method of travelling was so simple. Practically unarmed and alone, and with a very slender equipment, he had penetrated new regions, and had helped to make clearer the river system of Africa, showing the great divide between the Congo and the Zambezi Rivers, and identifying the sources of these. The Royal Geographical Society honoured him by making him a Fellow. It also presented him with a medal for his discoveries in connection with the Zambezi, and awarded him the Cuthbert Peak grant in recognition of his seven years' travel.

A great impetus was given to missionary work through the meetings he addressed, and also by the publication of his first book. This was called "Garenganze," and gave an account of his seven years' travels. Twelve volunteers were accepted for work in the field opened up by Arnot's explorations, and returned with him to Africa in March, 1889.

During his six months' stay in England Arnot became engaged to Miss Harriet Jane Fisher of Greenwich, and she returned with him as his wife, with the twelve mentioned above.

CHAPTER XIII

The story of Arnot from this point takes on a different colour. Hitherto his African experiences had been novel and unique. With the exception of Dr. Livingstone, probably no white man had travelled in quite the way he did. Like the great Doctor, Arnot had gone alone and unarmed, except for the purpose of shooting game. He had been a pioneer. No white man had shared his adventures and anxieties. Now he was to go with others. Mission stations were to be established. His story is merged with that of his fellow workers. He was the leader, the senior, the one upon whom all leaned, whose counsel ranked the highest, but still the story is not his story alone. And as Arnot was a humble man, telling more of what his companions did than of what he did himself, there is not so much in the subsequent journeys to record as concerning his first great and adventurous journey.

We have said little about Arnot's health, but his letters and diaries during his first journey speak of frequent bouts of fever. These left their mark upon him; they so undermined his constitution that he was seldom able to persevere to the end in any African project upon which his heart was set.

The party of fourteen which was farewelled from England at a great meeting in the Exeter Hall, London, in March, 1889, went to Benguella in two sections. Arnot went with the first to prepare the way for the march into the interior. The old difficulty of collecting carriers faced him again.

Arnot proceeded inland to arrange for carriers. At the Chivulu country, which was eleven days' journey from the

coast, there were difficult negotiations to go through with King Ekwikwi. This great man was able to block the caravan road for a year or two at a time, and only by paying a heavy blackmail was it possible for the Portuguese to take their ivory and rubber to the coast. When Arnot arrived at Ekwikwi's war camp, all was drunkenness and brag. There were great swelling words as to the powers of Ekwikwi, and of how the white man was tributary to him. Arnot was not able to make any progress in the first interview. He felt he had to settle down patiently to the difficult task of softening the king's hard heart. Amongst the presents given to Arnot upon leaving England was a very fine hammock from a friend in Demerara. When Ekwikwi saw Arnot hang this hammock up he coveted it eagerly. So the next day when Arnot again pressed his request, he gave the hammock to the king. It was a most effective gift. Ekwikwi granted all he asked.

To collect carriers, Arnot toiled about from village to village on horseback, sometimes covering sixty miles a day. One night would find him lying curled up by a fire in a corner of a native hut, with seven or eight long black fellows stretched out all round him, and the next night he would be making the most of some deserted camp in the bush.

It was September 1st, four months after arriving at Benguella from England, that Arnot was back again at the coast with 180 men. This looks to be a large supply of carriers. But think of what was wanted. Each man would carry a load of sixty pounds. There were fourteen Europeans for whom everything needful for a stay in the interior had to be taken. For a considerable portion of the journey these Europeans would have to be carried in hammocks. Then money would not circulate in the interior. Things would be bought with cloth, and bulky bales of these would have to be taken. Then there were tents and bedding for cold nights on the hills, cooking utensils, and food for the long stretches of barren country where no provisions could be bought, changes of

clothing, tools for building houses, or rather huts, medicine, etc.

The journey inland was full of sorrow. Two of the lady missionaries had attacks of fever after a few days' travelling, and the carriers, finding that they could not continue the journey on the day appointed, became demoralized. Many of them refused to go to Bihé, and fresh men had to be obtained to take their places.

A part of the policy decided upon was to establish a series of mission stations at intervals to Garenganze. These stations would make something of the nature of a line of communication. The first site fixed upon was Kwanjulula, in the Bihé country. After hut building had been proceeding here for about two months, the king, Chindunduna, declared himself suspicious of so many white people coming to his country. He sent a letter to Kwanjulula commanding the missionaries to withdraw. This created a serious state of things. The letter was spread before the Lord, and the missionaries committed themselves to Him for protection and guidance. The next morning Arnot's old friend, Senhor Porto, arrived at the camp in a very excited state, saying that an army was coming to plunder the missionaries, and to drive them out of Bihé. In a short time the army came. It consisted of a company of the king's young men, in charge of three captains. Two of these captains Arnot knew. One was named Chikuyu. Arnot had met him on his first journey. Chikuyu then was in charge of a trading caravan from the interior, and had been attacked and plundered by a section of the Lovale tribe. Arnot found him detained as a prisoner in the village of the chief, who had robbed him of everything. With a small gift of cloth Arnot purchased his freedom, and Chikuyu was able to return to Bihé. He professed himself under life-long obligation to his white friend. When Arnot therefore saw Chikuyu at the head of the army he went forward to greet him. Chikuyu replied to the greeting with a downcast look, and then said,

with all the authority he was able to command: "We have been sent by the king to enforce his letter ordering you all to leave Bihé at once." Arnot replied, "The king has sent the wrong men. Had he intended doing us any harm he would have sent strangers and not friends. The king has only sent you to talk over the matter with us. Chikuyu," he added, "you are responsible for the conduct of the warriors you have brought with you. You had better order them to sit down together there (pointing to a corner of the yard), and I will have some food brought for them while we talk matters over." Chikuyu did as he was told. Three goats were handed over to the young men, whilst Arnot prepared some food hastily for the three captains. Whilst keeping them waiting, the reply to the king's letter was written. Those African braves, like a wild beast missing the prey in his first spring, had no longer any heart for plundering the camp. Chikuyu pleaded with his fellows against doing so, saying that he was sure the king had had his ears filled with lies against them. A compromise was at last arranged. Arnot gave a handsome present of calico for the king, and presented each warrior with four yards of check shirting. Then they were all made comfortable for the night. The next morning they departed in good order without having robbed the missionaries of even a pin.

As soon as the king's young men had taken their leave, a number of smaller chiefs from the neighbourhood took the opportunity of making a demonstration in the missionaries' favour. Finally a big palaver was held, and two chiefs were appointed to go to the capital to contradict the lies spoken against their white men.

The day after Chikuyu had returned to the king, a messenger came to the camp calling Arnot to the capital. With his wife, and Senhor Porto, Arnot went to the king's town. They were received with "white chalk," meaning acquittal, and not with "red chalk," which would have meant guilt. The king gave an ox for food as a token of good feeling, giving also an open

road to the Garenganze, with permission to collect carriers for the journey. This trouble being thus well got over preparations were made for the journey to the interior, when a fresh political disturbance broke out.

CHAPTER XIV

A Portuguese expedition, consisting of 150 soldiers, under Captain Conceiro, and bound for the Okovango River, arrived in Bihé. The king refused permission for it to pass through his country. Senhor Porto did his best to allay his fears, but without avail; and seeing nothing but trouble before himself and his countrymen, he settled up his affairs, spread thirteen kegs of gunpowder on the floor of his house, and opening one keg and lying at full length on the other twelve, struck a match and deliberately ignited the powder. The explosion threw him to a great height into the air through the roof of his house; the poor old man died after twenty-four hours. By this time the chief Chindunduna was collecting his forces and threatening the Portuguese camp. Captain Conceiro immediately withdrew, his camp was ransacked by Chindunduna, and the Portuguese settlements of Belmonte and Boavista were plundered and destroyed.

The Portuguese then became suspicious of the missionaries, seeing that these had been allowed to remain safely in Bihé whilst their own subjects were driven from the country. Arnot received an official letter from the Captain-General of Bihé and Bailundu, stating that the Portuguese officials at the coast were in possession of sufficient evidence to convict Arnot of being in league with Chindunduna, the rebel chief of Bihé.

This decided Arnot to return at once to Benguella. At Bailundu, on his way to the coast, Arnot was told by the American missionaries that a warrant was out for his arrest. It was, however, so ordered that the very day he reached Benguella the Governor-General of Angola arrived from Loanda

to talk over Bihé matters with the Governor of Benguella. Both of these gladly listened to his story, and acquitted him of all the charges brought against him. Arnot was asked to protect the children of Senhor Porto and other Portuguese subjects in Bihé, and was informed that a well-armed force had left Mossamedes to chastise the king of Bihé, and that the officer in charge, Captain Paiva, was commissioned to make full enquiries into the cause of the revolt.

Arnot hurried back to Bihé and was able to help in the settlement of the dispute. When Captain Paiva's force arrived, fire and sword were scattered throughout the country. Villages were burnt, and flying natives were shot down by mounted troops. Arnot made an imploring appeal to the chiefs over the northern district of Bihé to combine in some way to save their country, for every moment was of value. In twelve hours' time over twenty chiefs had collected in the yard of the Mission Station at Kwanjulula to discuss the matter. Arnot wrote to Captain Paiva on behalf of these leaders, asking for an eight days' truce, accompanied with their promise to do their utmost to capture and deliver up Chindunduna. The captain in his reply thanked Arnot for all that he was doing to prevent further bloodshed, and promised the assembled chiefs a nine days' truce. In six days the native force, 1200 strong, returned with the runaway king. Peace was at once declared, and arrangements were made for the permanent occupation of Bihé by a Portuguese military force.

Arnot remained at Kwanjulula for about two years till the work there was developed and firmly established, then seven new workers coming from Great Britain, Canada, and Demerara, he proceeded with some of these to Nana Kandundu. This was further inland, and would make another link in the chain of stations to be established between the coast and the Garenganze.

Nana Kandundu, after whom the town was named, was a chieftainess, an unusual thing in Africa. She seemed very

doubtful of the intentions of the missionaries, and was fearful lest her own position of authority should be undermined. After several visits, however, to the missionaries' camp she became more assured. One evening she came with an ox, and a number of her most important people. She said that if Arnot would kill this ox then and there, with her hand resting on one of his (Arnot's) shoulders, and her husband's hand on the other, all her fears would be dispelled, and she and the whites would be friends for ever. Arnot gladly agreed to her proposal, and the ceremony of shooting the ox was gone through, greatly to the satisfaction of Nana and her people. Arrangements were at once made for a site for a station and the building of huts, and Arnot was able to return to Kwanjulula with the feeling that another centre from which the message of God's love would circulate had been established.

After Arnot's return to Kwanjulula his health broke down, and he had to return to England. He and Mrs. Arnot, and a little girl born to them in Africa, reached the homeland in June, 1892.

Arnot's health was such that he was unable to return to Africa till two years had passed. Those two years in England, however, were not passed idly. Missionary conferences were instituted, which deepened the interest in the work, and resulted in more workers being forthcoming. The supplies for the field were sent forward under Arnot's direct supervision. A short visit was paid to the United States, and interest awakened there.

But a new state of things was obtaining in Africa. The long line of communication of 1200 miles from Benguella to Garenganze was being imperilled. Tribal warfare was constantly blocking the route. The Congo Free State Government had occupied Garenganze. Msidi had been killed. The natives turned against the missionaries, regarding them as the cause of the white occupation. The workers at Bunkeya, Msidi's old capital, had found it better to move further east. They

A STRANGE CEREMONY

By shooting the ox while the Chieftainess rested her right hand on Arnot's left shoulder and her husband laid his on the other shoulder, a valuable friendship was established.

had established themselves upon the shores of Lake Mweru with a host of adherents, men, women, and children, who had accompanied them. The isolated missionaries hoped that from the new site it might be possible to open communications with the east coast. In the meantime they were greatly in need of supplies, and were feeling the pinch keenly. Arnot felt that these circumstances constituted a new call to him to proceed again to Africa, first to take supplies to the stranded workers, and secondly to ascertain the possibilities of the east coast route, and its possible advantages over the west coast.

Leaving Mrs. Arnot and two children in Liverpool, Arnot started on his third journey to Africa in August, 1894. He was accompanied by a new worker, Mr. Benjamin Cobbe. They proceeded to Durban, Natal, calling at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth on the way. From Durban they proceeded to the mouth of the Zambezi at Chinde. From Chinde to Tanganyika they went as passengers of the African Lakes Corporation entirely at their own risks, as the Arabs were giving the British Administration a good deal of trouble.

As they neared Lake Nyasa, via the Shire River, they had to run the gauntlet of one or two hostile villages. At one point they had to land, as the channel of the river was completely blocked by hippos. Arnot shot one, hoping that the others would move off. But the old bull of the herd landed in a rage and came running along the sandy shore of the river to destroy their boat. Arnot ran to meet him with his rifle, Cobbe following with cartridges. The first few shots seemed of no avail; they glanced off the hippo's great skull; so, as a last effort, Arnot knelt on one knee, and was thus able to sight his chest and to plant a bullet in it that must have pierced the heart, for he rolled over sideways and fell into the river. When the natives began to cut up the hippo, throwing the offal into the river, with parts of the meat they did not want, a most extraordinary sight was witnessed. About twenty large crocodiles

came racing through the water from all directions and fought over the meat.

From Tanganyika the travellers had to bore their way through a perfect tangle of rubber vine, the men creeping on their hands and knees and pulling their loads after them. Grassy plains then opened up as they journeyed westwards. The bones of thousands of buffalo and other animals lay in patches here and there, victims of the terrible rinderpest that had swept the country of cattle and game from Uganda southwards. Further on they came to a pool of water in a dried-up river bed, with about fifty hippo in it, all trying to keep themselves wet until the rains should fall again. An Arab invited them to spend the night in his boma rather than expose themselves to the lions, which, owing to the death of the game, had turned to man eating. Indeed lions, zebras, and elephants seemed to have the country to themselves. One day they came on a troop of lions that had pulled down a young cow elephant. The lions were driven off, and the meat and tusks of the elephant secured.

CHAPTER XV

Arnot was able to stay only about two months at Mweru. His old troubles returned. Very reluctantly, after a very trying bout, when it was doubtful at one point whether he would pull through, he came to the conclusion that his African days were numbered, and that his work was in stirring up missionary interest at home, and overseeing the forwarding of supplies, etc. He started on the return journey in February, 1895. A serious illness overtook him en route, and exceptional storms had to be faced on both Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa, the one on the former lake threatening to sink the steamer on which he crossed.

Medical advice, taken on his return home, made it quite clear that he must not think of returning to Africa for a long

time. Nine years passed by before Arnot felt the way opening up for him again. One outstanding event of this prolonged absence from Africa was a visit to British Guiana in South America, where many assemblies of brethren were interested in the work started by Arnot in Africa. Another event was a tour on the Continent of Europe. This immediately preceded the fourth journey to Africa. By this time conditions were more settled, and the west coast route to the interior was the one by which the missionaries came and went from the Garenganze.

It was in July, 1904, that Arnot with some new workers, was back at Bihé. A month later he was at Ochilonda, to which place the work started by him at Kwanjulula had been moved. Here he received a great welcome, and remained for a few months taking his share of the regular mission work. The developments since he was there twelve years before were full of encouragement. The people had advanced in cleanliness and in clothing. Numbers of converts had become evangelists ; and Africans were now being used for the conversion of Africans. The whole district around Ochilonda, within a radius of twelve miles, was linked up by well-made roads and bridges, allowing of bicycle and donkey travelling by night or day. These roads led to twenty-five schoolrooms and preaching stations, all built and supported by the native church. The central building held over 800 people.

How to teach the native Christians honest trades was a great problem. One effort in this direction greatly interested Arnot. The art of sawing planks out of trees is of course the foundation of all carpentry in a new country, and many of the young men had been taught the use of the pit saw. Several of them set up as rough door, window and furniture makers. But making coffins gradually grew to be the most profitable branch of these little businesses. The Ovimbundu were accustomed to make much of funerals. The body was usually kept for weeks enclosed in a faggot of sticks, whilst quantities

of beer were brewed, and friends had time to assemble from a distance. Then with feasting and drinking and firing of guns the body was carried down to the plain or valley where the chief fetish doctor would question the corpse. Now all this ceremony, with its days and weeks of entertaining, meant expense, and often spelt ruin to the relatives. The happy idea, therefore, took hold of the heathen mind that it would be more economical, and certainly not less respectable, to be buried in a white man's coffin. The Christian young men who found employment in this way were also expected to bring the "box" along, and finish the matter by holding a religious service at the grave. In this way the Gospel was carried into the strongholds of heathenism.

CHAPTER XVI

Four journeys were made from Johannesburg to Central Africa by Arnot between the years 1909 and 1914. Adventures were less and less frequent, as the country was becoming more settled.

He gives the following amusing account of an incident with his carriers :—

"When about half-way on my journey from the coast to the Luba country, one morning my carriers refused to move out of camp. One of their number, who acted as spokesman, stubbornly insisted that if they went on they would all die of hunger, and even if they escaped hunger the hostile interior tribes would kill them, therefore for the sake of their bodies they refused to budge. The leader adopted a specially aggravating attitude, sitting upon a log opposite his untouched load, his face stolid and defiant. He was the picture of African stubbornness, and I must confess to becoming slightly irritated myself, as everything depended upon these men going on, and to go they stubbornly refused.

"As a relief from my overcharged feelings, walking-stick

in hand I strode up and down the camp, passing each time this stubborn leader, seated on a log at the top of a high bank. Each time I passed him I became more disgusted. Finally, moved by a sudden impulse, I gave a poke with my walking-stick, fair at his bare, brown stomach. Doubling up like a clasp knife to avoid the stick, he lost his balance, rolled backward off his log, went end over end down the bank like an animated, brown football. The other carriers first looked startled, then amused, then, African-like, broke into a roar of laughter as their discomfited leader came crawling sheepishly up the bank on hands and knees. They roared with laughter, clapped their hands, doubled up with laughter, struck the ground with the palms of their hands, and, in short, gave themselves up to characteristic African risibility. Without a word the thoroughly abashed leader took up his load and strode out of camp. The others followed without a word, and the situation was saved.

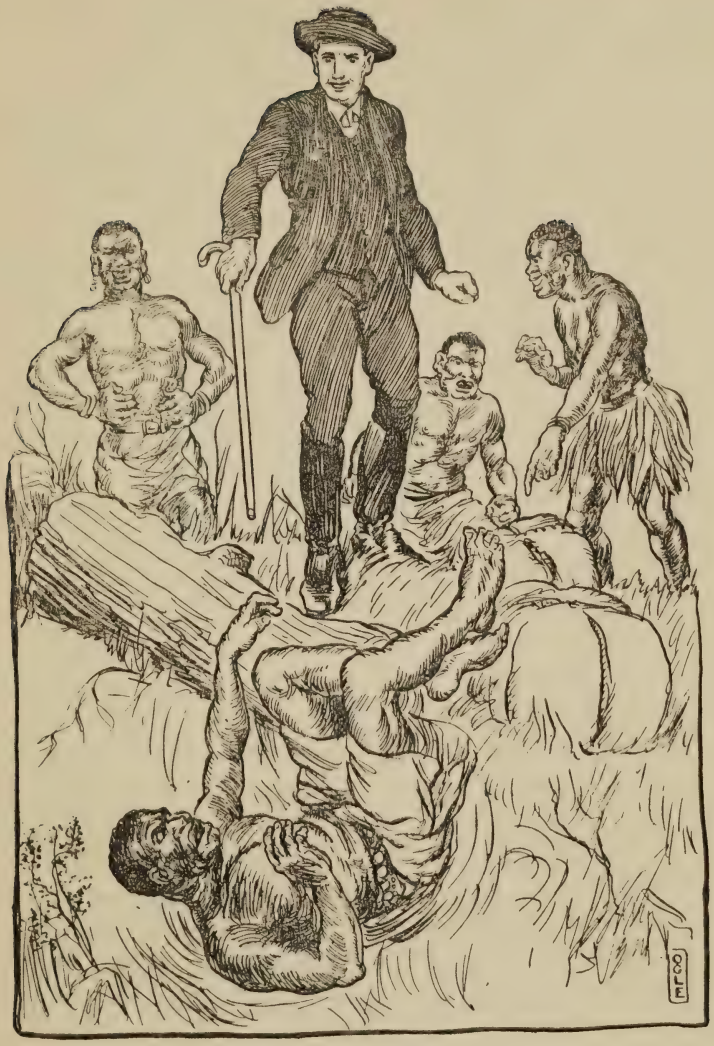
"Nothing cures African hostility or stubbornness like a good laugh."

The following incident Arnot used to relate with a hearty laugh at his own expense:

"One day I was travelling in the Belgian Congo, near a large river, when I spied a large crocodile asleep on the sand in the warm sunshine. Not willing to leave it in peace, and still more unwilling to expend a precious cartridge in shooting him (for my cartridges were few and precious in those days), I asked one of my native boys to lend me his native spear.

"Hesitating, apparently doubting the advisability of such a prank, he finally gave me the spear, and I stole up carefully alongside the sleeping crocodile. Poising the light, native-forged spear, I prepared for a fatal thrust at the sleeping monster. Suddenly my feet slipped, and I fell fairly alongside of the sleeping crocodile.

"It was hard to decide which of the two of us was most surprised, or felt most uncomfortable at our unusual position.



A SURPRISED PORTER

The leader of a revolt of the porters was seated on a log on the brink of a declivity. Arnot was so irritated with him that as he was passing him he gave him a poke with his walking-stick, which so surprised the man that he lost his balance and fell backwards amidst the laughter of his companions. This ended the trouble.

The crocodile scurried for the river, and I beat a hasty retreat in the opposite direction.

"My natives controlled themselves for a moment, then broke into a hearty laugh, in which I joined."

It was not till January, 1911, that Mrs. Arnot was able to go to Central Africa for the second time with her husband. Though now 52 years of age, and much weakened in health, Arnot could not resist the appeal which the vision of hundreds of miles of native territories, wholly without the Gospel, made, a vision which kept him awake night after night. Though a goodly number had gone forth, and many stations had been established, it all seemed as nothing to the fields to be occupied. So, though practically an old man, he determined to try once more to pioneer.

The site fixed upon for the new undertaking was the Kabompo Valley, in Liwanika's territory, at the junction of the Zambezi, the Kabompo, and the Lungebungu rivers. These three meet at one point like the three toes of a hen's foot, and from this juncture 1000 miles of water are navigable by canoes.

Having arrived at the junction of the three rivers, Arnot pitched on a site and built a three-roomed house, hoping to spend the remainder of his days evangelising amongst the Bambowe, with occasional short exploratory trips by canoes up the Lungebungu. The Bambowe responded delightfully to the visits of Arnot and his wife. Several young men gave them much promise. But all these activities were brought to a close by a sudden illness which overtook Arnot. His wife had to take charge, and in a few days they were gliding down the Zambezi in a canoe. There was nothing for it but a return to Johannesburg.

After resting for several months in his home in the Transvaal, Arnot made a second attempt in 1912 to take up the work in the Kabompo Valley, but was again turned back by another serious illness when only a short distance on the railway journey. Loath to relinquish the work to which he had devoted his life,

Arnot decided to visit the homeland to consult with specialists. This trip occupied the greater part of the year 1913. Upon returning to Johannesburg, he met Mr. Suckling from Kalene Hill, and Mr. T. L. Rogers from home. These he found willing to go with him to the Kabompo, so on November 21st, 1913, a third start to the new station was made. With sundry adventures the three missionaries reached their destination on January 11th, 1914. The little house built two and a half years earlier was exactly as it had been left, nothing had given way. The very next day Arnot began school with seven little boys. By the 17th the pupils were increasing by leaps and bounds. Arnot's time was filled from morning to night with such duties as baking, cooking, buying, talking, gardening, farming, house-repairing, store-keeping, butter-making, and teaching. But on the 25th he was smitten down as by a sword-thrust. An internal trouble from which he had suffered in years gone by suddenly attacked him again. After recovering from the first shock, he was taken in a barge which travelled down the Zambezi by night as well as by day, covering a five days' journey in two days, to Mongu, where medical help and nursing were obtained. The journey home was taken by stages, and was one in which much pain was experienced. Several weeks of suffering faced the tired missionary on his return to Johannesburg. As he became worse, it was decided that nothing but a serious operation could relieve him. This was performed, and all seemed to be going well, when a heart attack supervened, and he gradually sank, passing away on May 15th, 1914, at the age of 55.

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